

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD

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This paper is published
to instruct socialism.
A bundle of 5 for dis-
tribution will be sent
you for 3 months for
50 cents. Help spread
the light!

The Poor Voter on Election Day.
The greatest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
My ballot-box my throne!

Who craves to-day, upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alas the brown and wrinkled fist,
The plumed and dainty hand!
The weak is strong to-day;
The dearest bread-crust coasts no more
Than homely flocks of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has no wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
When weighs our living manhood less
Than mammoth's vilest dust,
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
O! do not kneel and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

No sane man will believe a without
reservation that Socialists are
honest and without personal ambi-
tion, says the American Federa-
tionist, official journal of the A. F.
of L., which is a fine way of insul-
ting the many progressive trade
unions whose dues are collected
to support that publication.

It is reported from Washington
that this country could in an
emergency draft 10,853,396 men
for military service. This is more,
it is said, than the combined orga-
nized forces of Europe. But if this
country can only get rulers who
are not manipulated by the foxy
capitalists this country will never
have occasion to call its citizens to
arms. That "if" is a pretty doubt-
ful one, however!

The American Federationist,
paid for by the dues of all the
workmen in the American Fed-
eration of Labor, is being used by
Gompers to run down Socialism in
all possible ways, by what right we
do not know. Such action is high-
ly paternalistic and does violence
to the rights of the many organized
workers in the A. F. of L. who hon-
estly believe in Socialism and ad-
vocate its propaganda.

The Pueblo Courier publishes
the portrait of one A. H. Crane,
a Pinkerton labor union spy, who
joined the Colorado City Smelter-
men's Union and was afterward
made secretary. He was suspected

of keeping the mill owners posted
on every move of the men and a
watch kept. It completely un-
masked him and he was forcibly
escorted out of town. Since then
he has been plying his trade in other
Colorado localities. There are
indications that this sort of game
is being worked all over the coun-
try—probably to show labor how
much it is belov'd by capital!

Our readers in the shops are
urged to take notice that the name
of William N. Hart, of the Stan-
ley Works, New Britain, Conn., is
among executive committee mem-
bers in Blatherskite Parry's Na-
tional Association of Manufacturers.
The Stanley works turn out
pocket rules and other tools used
principally by factory and other
workers, yet the head man of the
concern has such contempt for the
average toiler's self-respect that he
feels he will not injure the sale of
his factory's products by being a
leader in union-crushing Parry's
association! He probably looks
upon workmen as beasts of bur-
den who behave best when treated
worst!

What a world, what a world!
While the majority of the people
are working hard and denying
themselves the comforts which cul-
ture and civilization say they
should have, others live in idleness
and ease, and fairly bathe in
wealth. A New York dispatch
states that \$10,000,000 has just
been distributed as profits to the
members of the steel trust under-
writing syndicate, making a total
of \$50,000,000 (fifty millions)
profits made in two years on an
original investment of \$25,000,-
000, the principle of which was
returned to the subscribers a few
months after it was paid in! See
how easy it is to get rich, Mr. Poor
Man!



Sharpless throw the forged deed on the table.

Wow! Now the Roosevelts,
Hearsts and the like are talking
about good trusts and bad trusts.
The old rule, however, holds good:
A good trust is one that contributes
liberally to the old party corrup-
tion and campaign funds, and a
bad trust is one out of whom the
fat has to be fried by force.

In a book recently issued by the
Putnam and written by Prof.
James Albert Woodburn, professor
of American history at the Uni-
versity of Indiana, we read the fol-
lowing "information": "Besides the
Social Democrats there are three
distinct bodies of Socialists in
America. * * * These are the
Socialist Labor party, the Inter-
national Working Peoples' As-
sociation, and the International
Workingmen's Association. The
two latter bodies favor violent
methods." This shocking display
of ignorance occurs, mind you, in
what is intended to be a reference
work on the phases of American
political movements. We call at-
tention to it because it is but one
of many such written by men too
superficial or too careless to prop-
erly inform themselves. The fact

that the American wing of the
Marx International went out of ex-
istence fully thirty years ago, and
that the other International was the
only one committed to violent
methods, and that it was not a So-
cialist, but an anarchistic body, are
facts that "historians" of the
Woodburn type care little about.

In every big postoffice building
in the country there is a system of
underground passages, connected
with secret tunnels, between the
walls running all over the building
and with peep holes into every
room where the men work. This
enables government spies to keep
a secret watch so as to prevent the
abstracting of money from letters,
etc. Besides this the department
maintains a large corps of detec-
tives, called inspectors, to watch
the little postmasters and men un-
der the civil service. But the de-
partment has neglected to have de-
tectives where they are most need-
ed, i. e., at the top, and hence we
have the big postal scandal that the
politicians are trying to hush up.
It is only natural for a capitalist
government to treat the mere work-

ers as crooks who must be watched
and to let the big fellows have free
rein to feather their nests to their
hearts' content!

Down in Dayton, Ohio, there is
the model factory of the National
Cash Register company, that gives
its employes flower gardens and
sanitary work rooms, and at the
same time puts up a foxy deal on
them by which the company bun-
coes them out of any inventions
they may scheme out. All over
this country this company has been
getting praise for its "socialism,"
and for "solving the labor prob-
lem," and yet at the last general
meeting of the company and its
employes the president made a
rabid assault on Socialism and
warned the workers against it. Vir-
tuous man! But now it turns out
that the company is mixed up in
the postoffice scandals! You will
always find that the fellows who
are crooks at heart have no use for
so honest a thing as Socialism.

Samuel Gompers, editor of the
American Federationist, official or-
gan of the American Federation of
Labor, is using the paper (that is

The Lesson of the Elections.

Now that we have sufficiently con-
gratulated ourselves and each other
on the splendid results of the Wis-
consin elections, let us consider what
we can learn from the returns.

First let us note that in some of
the towns which made the best show-
ing, the comrades of first hand grave
doubts whether it was advisable to
put up a spring ticket at all. If they
had yielded to their fears, they would
have missed a good opportunity to
show our strength and to point out the
rapid growth our party has made in
the last twelvemonth. The election
of a few aldermen here and there is
of little consequence, but the increase
in Socialist voters which made their
election possible is a matter both im-
portant and significant.

The only thing that we had to re-
gret is that more of our branches did

not nominate candidates. Point
heart never won an election. "Luck
obeys the downright striker," and for
the future let us resolve never to let
an election pass without every organ-
ized town putting a full ticket in the
field. Three things are necessary for
starting a new movement: First,
courage; second, courage, and third,
COURAGE!

Another point to be learned from
the spring election of 1903, is the
best and surest road to Socialist suc-
cess. To illustrate this, let us take
one case in point.

One year ago, the Social Demo-
cratic party in Racine numbered only
eleven members. Racine comrades
nicknamed their town "Camp Chilly,"
because it seemed impossible to warm
it up with the principles of Socialism.
But they were not discouraged.

During the late campaign they dis-
tributed thousands of copies of the
Social Democratic Herald, and thou-
sands of leaflets, and the result was
exactly what might have been pre-
dicted. Their vote leaped from 249,
the Social Democratic vote for gov-
ernor in November, 1902, to 642,
their vote in April, 1903, a gain of
nearly 200 per cent. in five months.
A word to the wise is sufficient.
There is, alas, many a Camp Chilly
in Wisconsin, and in every state of
the Union. But on unspurring use of
Socialist papers and leaflets, sown
broadcast, not only during a cam-
paign, but all the year round, will
change the coldest of these chilly
climates into a veritable Hotbed of So-
cialism.

Comrades, try the Racine method!
E. H. Thomas.

THE PROSPERITY MAKERS; OR THE TRAGEDY OF A MUSHROOM TOWN.

BY A WELLKNOWN AUTHOR (NAME WITHHELD).

The Building of an American Boom Town is typical of capitalist enterprise and daring. Sometimes the builders "make good," and sometimes they do not, and many go down in the crash.

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CHAPTER I. In which two capitalist spiders construct their web and find plenty of flies.

IN the days before the new era, Allacoochee was a dead-alive village with a single street climbing from the ferry on the river bank up to the courthouse on the slope of John's mountain. If it differed

town for a Nebraska syndicate. He
was the regisseur for the railroad com-
pany, and I spotted him. Did I know you
his last report?"

"No. What does he say?"
"He says we're all right. The moun-
tain on the other side of the Little Chi-
wassee is full of iron, and there's plenty
of coal in this one"—indicating the
shadowy bulk of John's mountain ris-
ing like a black cloud-bank above the
roof of the courthouse.

"Well, I guess that settles it. We'll
have to have Cates' land before we make
another move. Have you fixed up your
map?"

"Did that to-day; the town-site will
take in the strip between the river and
the mountain, running down this way
as far as we can get options. Cates' farm
covers the best part of the tract up
there at the mouth of the Little Chi-
wassee, and I suppose we'd better
buy that outright. Does he still want
two thousand for it?"

"He did yesterday, but I think I've
scrapped together a few details that'll
help him change his mind. You know
everything has a history, if you can
only get at the facts."

"Of course. What did you find out?"
"I got the whole story of the property.
It seems that the place used to belong
to an old fellow by the name of Kil-
grow, who lived on the mountain and
made moonshine or whiskey or apple brandy,
or something like that, and that got
him into trouble with the revenue peo-
ple. Cates, who was a fence for the
moonshiners, held the land as a tenant
under Kilgrow for some years, and
never claimed it until after the revenue
officers had run Kilgrow out of the
country. That was six years ago, and
after the old moonshiner was well out
of the way, Cates gave it out that the
land was his—that he bought it some
time before the raid. Nobody seems to
have questioned his title, though there
is no record of any transfer from Kil-
grow."

"Then Kilgrow is probably the right-
ful owner now?"

"He would be if he were alive; but he
died in Texas three years ago, and so
far as I can find out, there are no heirs
in sight."

"Oh, then it doesn't make so much dif-
ference, after all," said Fenich.
"No, except that it gives us a good
leverage on Cates. It leaves a gap in the
title, but I guess we can doctor that
up."

the rumor of Kilgrow's death by as-
serting that he had helped bury the old
moonshiner three years before on the
Texas frontier. Sharpless ignored the
witness, and poisted obstinately to the
foolish record, insisting that Cates
should produce the original deed. The
farmer declared at first that the docu-
ment was among his papers, and then
that it had been lost. Pushed to the
wall, he wavered, cut his price in half,
and disappeared from the valley as soon
as the transfer was made to the new
owners.

If Sharpless doubted the assevera-
tions of Cates and his opportunist
witness, he made no sign; nor was he dis-
turbed by the significant fact that the
witness vanished with Cates. The at-
torney had insured himself beforehand
upon two points—the certitude of Kil-
grow's title to the land, and the ab-
sence of heirs who might become
troublesome future claimants. With
these two premises in reserve, he be-
lieved that the title acquired from
Cates could be made as good as valid.

After the purchase of the Cates farm,
Sharpless and Fenich spread a report
that they were about to try an experi-
ment in tobacco raising on a large scale;
and with this ostensible object in view
they proceeded to secure options upon
other tracts in the valley. Since they
offered good prices for poor land, there
was little haggling; and in a few days
the required acreage was under con-
trol. This was the first move in the
complicated game of evolution, and
when it was made the promoters cele-
brated their success with a fresh box
of cigars and a bottle of rather sickish
native wine in their room at the Moun-
tain house.

"We're in great luck, so far," said
Sharpless, examining the map spread
out on the table between them. "You'd
better write them to go ahead in New
York with their articles of incorpora-
tion. I wonder if Birkmore is ready to
begin on the railroad extension?"

"He ought to be; he was to send Ray-
mond up to let us know when the
strings were ready to pull."

The answer to the question was com-
ing up the stairs while Fenich was speak-
ing, and presently entered the room in
the keeping of a man whose clothes
gave evidence of hard riding over mud-
dy roads.

"Hello, Raymond," said Fenich; "we
were just talking about you. How's
everything down there?"

"All right," replied the newcomer.
"The material is all here, and Birkmore's
waiting for the money."

better get a fresh horse and go. Tell
Birkmore not to lose a minute. I'm
fixed to work a night gang by electric
light?"

"Yes."
"Good enough! Tell him he can't get
a locomotive into Allacoochee any too
quick to please us now. Have a drink,
and put some cigars in your pocket to
smoke on the way."

When the messenger left the room
Sharpless leaned back in his chair and
put his hands in his pockets. "The
Jethro deal closes it all up excepting
the title to the Cates tract," he said.
"I suppose we might as well fix that
now as any time. Have you got a blank
deed?"

Fenich rummaged in his pockets for
the paper. "Where's Cates' deed to
us?" he asked.

"Here it is," Sharpless said, handing
it across the table. "Better change it
wording a little, so it won't look sus-
picious."

"You let me alone for that."
Fenich wrote rapidly for a few mo-
ments, pausing when he came to the
date. "Make it about May 20, 1885."

The lawyer made a rapid calculation
in dates. "Yes, that'll do. As nearly
as I can locate it, the rail on the moon-
shiners was made in June or July of
that year; it'll be safe enough to call it
the 20th of May."

Fenich went on writing, and presently
handed the two deeds to Sharpless.
"How will that do?"

"That's about it," replied the attor-
ney. "I wonder if the old moonshiner
would recognize his signature?"

"I'd risk it. What are you going to
do about the notary's acknowledgment?"

"I'll fix that. I've been making my-
self solid with an old fellow across the
street who calls himself a lawyer. He
doesn't know enough about the law to
hurt him, but he is a notary public.
He'll do it—for a consideration—and he
won't be too particular about the exact
date."

What the Twentieth Cen- tury will do.

Thinking men the world over and of all shades of opinion have hoped and
believed that the twentieth century will be a century devoted to social advance
and regeneration. It was considered the disgrace of the nineteenth century
that with a hundred fold increase in its power over nature's forces, and with
a productive adequate to supply every rational want of our whole population
many times over, we have only succeeded in adding enormously to the wealth
and luxury of comparatively few individuals, while the workers are, on the
average, as deeply sunk in poverty and misery as before. Thinking men and
women of all classes have always agreed that this great relic of barbarism
must be abolished before all things, ere humanity can enter upon a new and
higher stage of civilization. In our present society the bulk of the people have
no opportunity for the full development of their powers and capacities, while
the comparatively few others who have the opportunity have so inducement to
do so. To be successful to-day means to possess money, and the power that
this wealth gives to the lucky individuals is naturally hostile to the rest of the
people. There can be no social peace, no true culture, no fair competition, with-
out equality of opportunity, and that cannot be had under the present economic
system.

Fortunately the economic conditions themselves are working towards the
desired change. It is hardly necessary to say that the growth of the trusts and
the tendency to consolidate industries has brought it home to all the people that
some radical measures will have to be taken in self-defense. Everybody under-
stands now that it is just as irrational to permit five or six men to control the
fuel supply or the water supply as it would be to permit them to control the air
supply or the water supply. As the simplest, most effective and most logical
measure, the taking over and management by the nation of all these immense
properties is suggested to-day even by men who five years ago considered Social-
ism in any form as wholly visionary. And as a matter of fact the trust million-
aires, the billionaires and the billionaires can say nothing against the proposition.
They are building monopolies too big for private control and these monopolies
naturally must go into public possession.

Every word the advocates of capitalism say in favor of or in defense of these
monster organizations is so much added to the arguments in favor of Socialism.
If the modern combination, the modern trust, proves that capitalism is no
longer a benefit, that the monopoly cheapens production, and most cheapen it in
order to enlarge business, then indeed it is only logical that society itself should
appropriate those large institutions and direct their labor, not for the profit of the
few, but for the benefit of ALL.

It monopoly is the only way in which we can conduct business, then the
people must demand to own the monopoly and to select those whom they prefer
as managers and directors. And it is not clear that we shall have infinitely less
political corruption when there will be no trusts or quasi-public corporations to
bribe and influence our legislatures, judges and officials?

So it may truly be said that we have reached the stage where the capitalist
and the captain of industry has set himself to demonstrate that our theories are
sounded. And although he may not admit it openly, in his heart he knows that
Socialism is the inevitable result of all his efforts.

A great many of the hopes of the nineteenth century will be fulfilled in the
twentieth. It will be the first epoch that will bring equal opportunities to all.
Victor L. Berger.

supported by workmen of all politi-
cal parties) in the evident attempt
to injure the Socialist party. If the
Socialist party were an enemy of the
working class, it ought to be exposed
to the light of truth by the American
Federationist, no matter who sup-
ports that paper; but its editor is not
justified in publishing misrepresenta-
tions in the case. Socialists make
no pretensions of being holier per-
sonally than their neighbors. They
only demand their rights—those

things that are due every individual
equally from the state. Would Mr.
Gompers, were he a judge, decide that
a workman suing his employer
for wages is not entitled to recover
because he would oppress his em-
ployer if he could? That is just the
position he takes against the Social-
ists. If that rule is a good one, it
will work both ways; that is, the
workman need not expect their
rights from Mr. Gompers' party or
any other party until they become
honest. But inasmuch as the capi-
talist class has secured its rights and
four-fifths of the rights of the work-
ing class besides, without capitalis-
tism's becoming "honest" individually,
the theory that human nature must be
changed before the working class can
secure simply its own is proven to be
false. Mr. Gompers therefore places
himself in the position of a false
leader of workmen or in the posi-
tion of a blind man trying to teach
the people how to see. In either case
he has shown his lack of qualification
to be at the head of the American
labor movement.—Worker's Gazette.

Don't dare to become a Socialist,
Mr. Union Man, or your journal,
the American Federationist, will
say you are dishonest!



There, there, little mother.

"Nobody will ever suspect now that it
isn't as old as it claims to be. Wonder
if I could find old Squire Fragmore to-
night?"

"Perhaps," said the messenger, wash-
ing the grime from his hands. "While
you're hunting him I'll write to New
York."

Sharpless came back in a few min-
utes and threw the forged deed on the
table.

"That's settled," he said. "When it's
recorded we'll destroy it."

"Did Fragmore object?" Inquired
Fenich, looking up from his letter.

"He balked a little at first, but I've
given him a lot of business in the last
two weeks, and a \$20 fee was too much
for him."

A week later Lawyer Sharpless called
at Judge Wilkinson's office in the court-
house and asked for the Kilgrow-Cates
deed. He took the paper that was given
him and put it into his pocket without
examining it further than to glance at
the judge of probate's certificate of rec-
ord. Being by this time burdened with
many matters of greater importance, he
did not think of it again until evening,
when he took it out with some other
papers in the office of the Mountain
house. A cold rain had been falling
during the day and a wood fire was
blazing in the fireplace. Sharpless
singled the deed out of the bunch of
papers and thrust it between the logs,
ignoring the summons to supper until
he had seen the crisp cinders whirled
up the chimney in a winding sheet of
flame. Then he went to the dining-room
and took his seat opposite Fenich at the
table reserved for their use.

One morning, not many weeks later,
Allacoochee the leert became a thing
of the past. A many-handed demon of
activity had suddenly invaded the peace-
ful valley, transforming it into a desolate
battlefield whereon labor pitted itself
against chaos. Snorting locomotives
rumbled back and forth with trains of
building material. Shouting teams
guided the plows whose furrows
marked the floor of new streets or
loosened the soil in advance of battal-
ions of laborers establishing the grade.
Armies of workmen wrought miracles
of handicraft, turning unsightly heaps
of brick and stone and lumber into
stately buildings which seemed to
spring up out of the red soil as if by
magic. And into the midst of the clam-
orous turmoil the daily passenger train
soon began to pour their crowds of ad-
venturers and investors to submerge
the single street of the old town and to
show as they fought for accommodation
close at the Mountain house or strug-
gled for standing room around the tem-
porary structure from which Mr. Fenich
disappeared to his real estate in the
highest valley.

"And so began the new era in Allacoochee."

Chapter II.—In which Philip Thorn-
dike takes a Physician's advice, and de-
cides to strike out for New fields.

"Just say that over again, will you,
doctor? I don't think I quite took in
the length and breadth of it."

Thorn-dike was in his shirt-sleeves,
but he reached mechanically for his
coat and vest when the physician re-
placed the stethoscope among his kin-
smen in the glass case.

"I said that your condition is very
critical"—the concern in Dr. Percevin's
voice was too real to be professional;
"that if we don't look out you'll slip
away from us as your Uncle Granville
did."

Granville Thorn-dike had died of
quick consumption when his nephew
was a boy of 12, and Philip had a very
vivid recollection of the strong man's
steep-chase down the road to emacia-
tion and death. It seemed incredible
that such a thing could happen to him.
He sat down and tried to realize it.
Realizing is usually a methodical
process, but when a man believes he
has just heard his death-sentence pro-
nounced it is apt to be different. Thorn-
dike's mind skipped the intermediate
steps and arrived at the end of things
with a shock that jarred him out of his
usual habit of indifference.

"For God's sake, doctor! Do you
know—but of course you don't; no man
can really put himself in another's
place when it comes to the pinch."

"Not wholly, perhaps; and yet I can
tell you it isn't pleasant to be a prophet
of evil. Hadn't you any hint of your
danger?"

"Not the least in the world. Why,
I'm here now only because the mother
and Helen insisted upon my coming.
And I can't take it in yet; I'm not sick
—I've never had a twinge or a symptom
worth mentioning."

"That may be; the trouble frequently
begins so stealthily as to give but little
warning. Your uncle reached your age
without suspecting that he had the
disease, and then, as you remember, he
died within the year."

"Yes, I know all about it," assented
the young man, moodily. "And now I
know why mother was so anxious."

He got up and walked nervously back
and forth in front of the physician,
with his hands behind him and his head
down. "If anybody had told me I was
sick, I wouldn't have believed it. This
thing has come so suddenly that I'm all at sea. What
is there to be done for it? Where anything
to be done?"

The physician took his hand. "Tak-
ing it for granted, you want the
highest skill."

The Herald Forum.

Single Tax Criticized.

Milwaukee, April 11.—Editor Social Democratic Herald: In response to Mr. Carl D. Thompson's able article in your issue of March 28th "Why single taxes should be Socialists," please allow me to state a very few of the many good reasons why single taxes should NOT be Socialists, and the same reason will hold good, why Socialists should be single taxers.

Mr. Thompson refers to the 300,000 Socialist votes at the last election; if he will investigate the subject he will learn, perhaps to his surprise, that there have been a number of third parties, and occasionally a fourth party, which have polled a larger percent of votes cast, the names of which are forgotten except by reference to history, which never reached the ranks of first or even second party, but they did in many instances exert a powerful and in the most cases a very healthful influence on first and second parties. There are in the United States about 14,000,000 voters. It is from this field that both Socialists and single taxers must enlist recruits, 99 percent of whom seek the imputation of being single taxers or Socialists. [We Socialists do not encounter such overwhelming opposition. Our growth is quite fast enough to be safe and solid. Nor is the Socialist party comparable with the third parties you refer to. Ours is an international movement and keeps advancing the world over. Editor S. D. H.] A very large percentage of these four-teen and a half million voters are ripe and ready for the socialization of a few, a very few of the functions or the principles included in what Mr. Thompson says single taxers and Socialists do agree. About 50 percent of these voters are Urban, and the Urban population have either already applied, or are not only ripe and ready, but are strenuously struggling to free themselves from "dead men's laws" that they may adopt municipal ownership of municipal public utilities. So true is this that the forlorn hope of the present beneficiaries of our monopolistic system is to present an expression of municipal voters by

an initiative and referendum, as is witnessed in Chicago, Cleveland and other large and small cities, and before this can appear in print, events which may prove to be epoch-making, may have transpired in Cleveland and perhaps Chicago and Toledo. Hence the points of agreement between Mr. Thompson enumerates as between Socialists and Single taxers will have received a powerful impetus by thousands and millions who know practically nothing or care less about either single tax or Socialism. While the points of disagreement enumerated (or implied) will not or cannot come up for political action for a few or, perhaps, many years to come. Except for one little word of only two letters (one of them double) the writer knows of no good reason why Socialists and Single taxers might not constitute one happy family in as harmonious relations as the same number of people in any party or faction, but so long as Socialists insist upon socializing ALL the means of production and distribution, single taxers will perhaps ask to be excused from adopting the family or party name (of State Socialism). Perhaps the people may adopt State Socialism in the remote or even near future, if so, well and good. But single taxers do not believe it would be either good, wise or just. Single taxers believe in and stand for justice. Are you (Socialists) with or against us? [We are with you, for justice, certainly. But we Social Democrats do not believe in STATE Socialism, and it is not justice to make such a claim. We are DEMOCRATIC Socialists. And it is because we believe in justice—democratic justice—that we demand the social and democratic ownership of the means of production. To permit or acquiesce in individuals making profit out of workers is not justice—far from it, although there would be a lot of it under a single tax system, goodness knows. Ed. Herald.]

As an answer which may indicate the drift of events, the British House of Commons reduced the Ministerial or conservative majority to a bare 13 on a bill which includes all single taxes, for which, as a preliminary measure, for which the Liberals voted solid and for which many conservatives either voted, or dodged. [This is not as remarkable as you seem to think. There is a hard problem in England, while

SIX YEARS ago I paid my first visit to the old cathedral city of Gloucester, England, to lecture under the auspices of the newly formed branch of the Independent Labor Party. I was not a member of the I. L. P. either then or afterwards, but the relations between the Social Democratic Federation and the I. L. P., while leaving a great deal to be desired, are nevertheless friendly enough to admit of a constant interchange of speakers by the two bodies. Some comrades, indeed, are members of both organizations.

Fancy such relations between the two Socialist parties in this country! The title of my lecture I have forgotten, but I know that it consisted mainly of an attack upon the Liberal Party. During my remarks I had occasion to refer somewhat critically to the parliamentary record of John Burns, his attitude upon the murder shooting of miners at Featherstone, and some other things.

In the discussion which followed, a man, easily recognizable as a "Cockney," rose in the audience and made a vigorous speech in defense of Burns. It was a good speech, full of fire—such as the grizzled member for Battersea might have made. The attitude was that of Burns, and indeed the very appearance of the man reminded me of our one-time comrade. Somewhere I had seen the picture of this sturdy opponent. Where was it? Who was he?

here we have more land than the people can use for some time to come. In England a reform of the land tax could make some beneficial changes, while here it would not—it would change things for the worse. Ed. S. D. H.] The above are good and sufficient reasons "Why single taxers should not, ay, cannot be Socialists" (State Socialists).

Single taxers, I believe, invariably agree that capital is not a bad but a good thing, no matter whether pri-

ever much he may flaunt the badge of Labor, can do little but harm in the House of Commons. Crooks, I have said, is a fighter. He has had to fight his way. No phase of the proletarian fight has he escaped. Born in 1852 in Poplar, where almost his entire life has been spent, he early had to face the stern, unequal fight with poverty. His father, a stoker, having met with an accident which crippled him, went with five of his children, young Will among them, into the "workhouse," as the poorhouses are called in England. He went to work when eleven years of age, afterwards becoming apprenticed to a cooper. As a young man his activity in the trade union movement brought him a good deal of trouble and hardship, but through it all Crooks preserved his native courage and buoyancy.

In 1887 Crooks was elected Trustee of the Parish, and Library Commissioner for Poplar. In 1893 he was elected a member of the Poor Law authority, becoming thus a Guardian of the very workhouse where, in 1861, he was an inmate! In 1895, I think, he was elected to the London County Council. During the whole period he has been paid a regular weekly wage by the Poplar Labor League, a body created for that purpose, and Crooks boasts that he has never had to wait a single day for his wages during the whole time. That is an example Socialists can afford to emulate!

Crooks is not a Socialist. He is a radical of the old school and his election signifies little to our movement, except, perhaps, that it shows that the workers of England can be moved. To call him "Comrade Crooks," as some of our papers on this side have done, is foolish.

I wish it were otherwise, and that we might hail him as a comrade. For Will Crooks is a fighter, and, as a Socialist member of the House of Commons, he could do much to build up the movement in England. He is popular, able, and I have every reason to believe, absolutely honest. But he is a Liberal. And a Liberal, how-

ever much he may flaunt the badge of Labor, can do little but harm in the House of Commons. Crooks, I have said, is a fighter. He has had to fight his way. No phase of the proletarian fight has he escaped. Born in 1852 in Poplar, where almost his entire life has been spent, he early had to face the stern, unequal fight with poverty. His father, a stoker, having met with an accident which crippled him, went with five of his children, young Will among them, into the "workhouse," as the poorhouses are called in England. He went to work when eleven years of age, afterwards becoming apprenticed to a cooper. As a young man his activity in the trade union movement brought him a good deal of trouble and hardship, but through it all Crooks preserved his native courage and buoyancy.

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God, bluff, honest, Will Crooks: I wish he was a Socialist. As it is, I admire—and pity!

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A World of Unbrotherly Strife.

Charlevoix, Mich., April 19.—Editor Herald: Although the song of "peace on earth, good will to men" has been floating faintly on the breeze for nearly two thousand years, and has grown louder and louder, still strife and contention rules the hour. The captains of industry marshal their forces to conquer and control those who toil, in order that they may despoil them; and those who bear the burden of the world's labor confederate together for their protection. Those who produce struggle to despoil those who consume.

And so the war goes on. Brother strives with brother for the mastery. Struggling is seen on every hand. Spoilation and waste mark the pathway of human life, and the white-winged dove flies away.

What will calm this raging conflict? Such today is the agonizing

ery of all true philanthropists. Where shall we find an alive branch to wave over this struggling conflict to bring the joyful era of peace! Although through scientific invention the power to produce what is needed for human want dwindle every seven years, yet the strife goes on, the combat deepens. What will end the war! One answer alone suggests itself to every observing and thoughtful mind. ELIMINATE CONFLICTING INTERESTS. Blend all human need in one grand Co-operative Commonwealth. When the race lives and moves in one common Brotherhood, when each one finds his own highest good by seeking the greatest good of all; then will the reign of Peace begin to move to final consummation.

As each coming generation lives, grows and has no motive to extort from each other, how vast will be the rising tide of human life. The day of gladness, of joy and of love will bring the long looked for heaven. The "New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven" shall be established on earth. Sorrow and strife will cease forever and the glad song of "peace on earth, good will to men" shall echo from hill top to valley, and from valley back to hill.

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The Socialists in the Massachusetts legislature continue to unmask the hypocrisy of the capitalist "friends of labor" sent to that body by the Republican and Democratic parties. One of this choice aggregation of labor-foolers introduced an anti-blacklisting bill, which was promptly defeated. Last week, one of the Socialists, Representative Carey, made a fight for reconsideration, and put them on record in the matter a second time, as the failure to get the necessary thirty members to call for a roll call in a body numbering 240 "representatives" of the people, showed.

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THE PROSPERITY MAKERS.

(Continued from page 1.)

plain fact, I'm afraid the chances are against you. Sometimes a complete change of scene, climate, and habit will work the miracle that would seem to be necessary in a case like yours, but it is only fair to warn you that such an experiment might only shorten your life.

"A sort of forlorn hope," rejoined Thorndyke. "Nevertheless, I think I'll try it, not so much on my own account as because—Doctor, where should I go, and how long a time can I count on?"

"Answering your last question first—I don't know; no one can say positively; but unless you get help almost immediately the disease is likely to develop very rapidly. I should say that six months would tell the story, or way or the other; though it might take longer. And as to the place, there isn't much choice, so long as you get an ever temperate and pleasant surroundings. I have considerable faith in the climate of the southern end of the Blue Ridge; but you must live out of doors if you go there."

"Six months; something less than 200 days. That ought to give a man time enough to make his peace; many a poor devil gets less than that many minutes or seconds. And yet there are some things that can't well be settled in a short half-year."

"You are thinking of your engagement to Helen?"

"Yes; that, and the property, and my mother's grief and worry, and a hundred other things that were not of the least consequence an hour ago. He took his hat and paused in the doorway.

"Doctor, I wish you wouldn't say anything about this—at least, not just yet. Don't tell the mother or Helen, I mean."

"Certainly not. I'll see you again before I go, that is, if it seems worth while to make the experiment."

An hour earlier in the day, Philip Thorndyke had wandered into the vestibule of the great office building with the thought that a visit to Dr. Pererin would answer the double purpose of relieving his mother's anxiety, and of enabling him to wear out a half-hour of the afternoon in a chat with the old

family physician; and he went the more willingly since the half-hour had of late taken to dragging rather discouragingly, especially in the afternoons. That they dragged was due to a number of causes, the chief of which was that Thorndyke was an unsuccessful idler. His father had been a hard-working attorney, gathering and leaving an estate which would have been a fortune elsewhere than in New York, and which was a competence even in that city of millionaires. The will gave Philip half, and the irascibility of its possession had not made itself felt until after his post-graduate course in the law had left him a squire of dames, and lacking the spur of necessity which might have made him successful in his profession. Up to the moment when he stood waiting for the next ascending elevator which should lift him to the altitude of Dr. Pererin's chambers, his life had been as uneventful as his mother's solitude could make it. There had been no invigorating heights to scale and no nerve-trying depths to explore. In his college course, and in the choice of a profession, he had followed in the footsteps of his father, taking the one and choosing the other for no better reason than that both were selected for him by his parents. Summed up, the young man who waited for the elevator was a very fair example of the neutralizing effect of prearrangement in domestic affairs; a logical product of a cent-and-dried system of home training which makes no allowance for individual needs in the subject.

And if Thorndyke had been given no voice in the matter of his bringing up, he had had quite as little to say about his engagement to Helen Morrison. She was the only daughter of his father's law partner, and the alliance of the two families in the persons of their respective heirs was a treaty which had been discussed, ratified, engrossed, docketed, and filed among the partnership archives long before the persons most nearly concerned were old enough to be consulted. Contrary to all precedent, the young people made no difficulties. On the part of the young girl, the loyal friendship of childhood had grown with her stature into a very real and earnest love for the man who was her betrothed. And if Philip's acceptance of the part assigned to him was not sufficiently demonstrative to please his mother, it was due quite as much to the fact that the two had grown up together as to any undefined inclination on the part of the young man to rebel against the conditions which had forestalled the growth of his individuality. In a tranquil and dispassionate way Philip was devoted to the young woman of his mother's choice; but his love for Helen was rather than outgrowth of an obedient sense of the fitness of things, urged on by a just appreciation of Helen's beauty and goodness, than the spontaneous and compelling passion which is no more amenable to reason than it is subordinate to a sense of duty.

From passive indifference to active discontent is but a step in life from which the objects of legitimate ambition had been removed. The dead level of an existence in which the trivialities of the daily social round are the only milestones stretches away before the weary pilgrim into a limitless and arid region whose sandy wastes forbid the growth of any sturdy tree of effort. Thorndyke had been journeying through some such desert of boredom on the day of his visit to Dr. Pererin, and one of the vagrant thoughts which followed him to the doctor's door turned upon the well-worn question as to whether, after all, life were really worth the effort. The answer was deferred, but the suggestion was distinctly negative. An hour later, when he stood before the latticed door of the same elevator waiting to be shot down to the level of the street, the point of view had veered so suddenly as to leave him gasping like an exhausted swimmer under whose feet there had lately been the decks of the stanchest of vessels.

For the first time in his experience with elevators, the swift rush down the shaft made him dizzy, and he had to sit down at the cigar stand in the vestibule a minute before going out into

the street. A line of periodicals was pinned to a string in front of the elevator's counter, and Philip saw the word "Allacoochee" in staring capitals on the title page of one of them. He bought a copy of the paper and read the advertisement.

ALLACOOCHEE.
The Future Commercial and Industrial Capital of the New South! The most Equable climate in Alabama. Fine Natural Medicinal Springs, Charming and Picturesque Scenery. Inexhaustible Beds of Coal and Iron; A Limitless Field for Improvement.

A carefully prepared prospectus of Allacoochee may be found at the banking house of Messrs. Tompkins & Ryder, where the subscription books of the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing & Improvement company will be opened for the sale of a limited number of shares on the 15th inst.

An acquaintance looked over his shoulder as he read. "Hello, Thorndyke," he said; "going south to make a fortune?"

Philip folded the paper and put it into his pocket. "I hadn't thought much about making the fortune, but perhaps I shall go south for awhile. Do you know anything about this place?"

"Nothing more than the scare 'ad.' telly, but I fancy it's another bait for gudgeons. I shouldn't put any money into it, if I were you."

"I had an intention of doing so," Thorndyke had reached the street, and Philip shook hands with his friend before turning to cross the square to the elevated station.

"Good-by, old man; I may be off before I see you again," said Philip; and the faintest came back with the thought that he should probably never see the man again—and this was the first of a series of leave-takings which should be for all time.

Chapter III.—In which there are the usual leave-takings and Philip approaches the spiders' web.

Philip was reading the evening paper when Mrs. Thorndyke came into the library before dinner, and he made a commendable effort to appear natural when he greeted her. The hope that she would give him time to lead up gradually to the subject of his interview with Dr. Pererin had scarcely taken shape when her first question flung him into the midst of it.

"Did you go to see the doctor to-day, Phil?" she asked, moving the reading lamp that its light might serve him better.

"What doctor?—oh, you mean Pererin. Yes, I went down and told him I was a very sick man—in your opinion."

"What does he say is the matter with you?"

"With me?—why, he said you coddled me too much, or something of the sort; that I'd better break away and go live in the woods."

"But seriously, Philip, you know how we are worried about you. Doesn't he think you're in danger?"

"Danger of what?" Philip threw down his paper and stood up before her. "Do I look like a sick man? Can you stretch imagination to the point of fancying me going into a decline?"

His manner was reassuring enough, but the subtle intuition of maternal love is not to be hoodwinked by appearances. Mrs. Thorndyke was not satisfied, and, seeing there was no possibility of keeping her away from the dreaded subject, Philip skillfully introduced his plan of migration.

"Why, of course," she said; "I don't see why we hadn't thought of that before. We can find some quiet place down south where we can be comfortable, and we can take Helen with us."

Philip's heart smote him when he set himself to demolish this cheerful plan. Having had time to think about it, he had demonstrated to his own satisfaction the uselessness of trying to dodge his fate. He had succeeded in twisting Dr. Pererin's warning into a formal sentence of death; and he had made up his mind to take the physician's advice, not for recuperative purposes, but for reasons which were purely sentimental. He would go away into the wilderness where he could find a quiet place to die, and would so save his mother and Helen the day-to-day sorrow of the intermediary period. It was all very foolish and childish, doubtless; but Philip was only an overgrown boy at

best, so far as individuality was concerned, and Mrs. Thorndyke had herself to thank for it. And so he proceeded to put his theory into practice.

"That would all be very pleasant; but don't you see that I must go alone if I mean to live out of doors and rough it? I'm not sure but it would be better for me to go into the woods with the turpentine gatherers, or in a logging camp. I don't know that I especially yearn for such an experience, but I'd do that or anything else to please you and Helen."

"Don't be impatient, Philip, dear; I know we're a pair of foolish women, but there is always that look of your uncle Granville in your eyes, and—"

Mrs. Thorndyke sat down and began to cry softly into her handkerchief.

"Philip was beside her in a moment. 'There, there, little mother, you've let this thing worry you till you're all unstrung. You mustn't, you know; Pererin says that I'm—that all I need is a change of climate. You won't know me when I get back.'

When one is habitually truthful the life is clumsily and the face usually refuses to corroborate the falsehood; it was therefore fortunate for Philip's plan that his mother's emotion prevented her from seeing the untruth. And now how great a matter so small a thing may turn aside. If Mrs. Thorndyke had looked up she would have believed Philip's face against his words, and there would have been no solitary migration and no ease in equity—no moral upheaval and no strangling of a carefully educated conscience. And, besides, Philip might have died comfortably at home, with all the accessories of civilization to make it easier.

Preparations for the journey, and the arranging of matters connected with the estate, kept Philip so busy for the next few days that there was no time to indulge in painful rehearsals of the approaching leave-takings. As a confident in the business affair was necessary, he told his solicitor, not the exact truth, but what he had made himself believe to be the truth, and was thus enabled to keep his mother in ignorance of his careful provision for her future. When it came to making the will, Col. Van Cott, who was a family friend of the Thorndykes, and of the Morrissons as well, put in a word.

"You say you want to leave it all to your mother; does that include the same set apart for a marriage settlement on Helen?"

"Yes," Philip ran his hand through his hair and then tugged at his moustache. "You see, it's this way," he explained. "I know that what Helen would wish if she could be consulted. She has always objected to the settlement, and she says she will insist upon turning it over to my mother when it comes into her hands. I thought it would simplify matters to include it with the rest."

"I knew about that," replied the lawyer, tugging up his pen again; "and so I thought perhaps you might want to leave it as an anchor to windward in case your mother's property ever became involved. I don't like your obstinacy in the matter of investments; I mean the way you both keep all your money tied up in Hellem's bank stock."

"I know that's always been an eye-sore to you, colonel, and I could never understand just why it should be. Hellem is as safe as a sanctuary, and he always pays good dividends."

"That may all be," replied Van Cott testily; "I don't know anything to the contrary; but it cuts no figure with the principle of the thing. It's a plain case of putting all your eggs in one basket; and that's never a good thing to do."

Philip wrestled a moment with a new sense of responsibility. "I guess you're right; though I never thought much about it before. It's hardly worth while for me to make transfers now, but I'd be glad if you could get mother to do it." And the making of the will went on without further interruption.

During these days of preparation Philip found it convenient to avoid being much alone with Helen. Since telling her of his intention, he had been beset by a fear that she suspected a more serious reason for the journey than the one he had given her. The fear was not wholly unfounded, for, on the following day, Miss Morrison had gone straight to Dr. Pererin. Fortunately for that

gentleman's reputation as a keeper of family secrets, he happened to be engaged when she called, and so had time to reinforce his caution. Helen waited, quaking, in the reception-room, losing the vantage ground of attack in the same proportion that the physician strengthened his defenses by delay. When she was finally admitted, she threw away her own chance of success by abandoning strategy for assault.

"Doctor, I want you to tell me all about Philip's trouble," she began. "Why are you sending him away? and why won't he talk about what you told him?"

The doctor was suave and considerate sympathetically personified. "Why, my dear young lady, one would think that Philip had been ordered to Siberia! Is it so remarkable that I should have suggested a change of scene and climate?"

"No, I suppose not; but, doctor, please tell me why you advised him to go alone."

It was a very sweet face, lighted by appealing eyes of the clearest gray, and made altogether lovely and irresistible by the touch of pathetic anxiety, that was turned toward the physician. Moreover, Dr. Pererin had said nothing about the advantages of solitary exile, but he stood by his patient loyally.

"To have advised him otherwise would have been like preaching him a sermon with the text left out. What he needs is out of door life, and that doesn't mean a change to the dissipation of a summer or winter resort. The doctor paused, and then added, diplomatically: "And I count on your help to make this possible; you must dissuade Mrs. Thorndyke if she has any idea of going with Philip."

Helen's faltering acceptance of the condition imposed by this appeal ended the interview, and she left Dr. Pererin's office with her trouble increased in inverse proportion to the success of her errand. It wanted but three days of the time that Philip had set for his departure, and during this interval the distress of the man, who thought his knowledge was definite, was not more real than that of the woman who knew nothing and feared everything.

From the time when his mind had clarified sufficiently to allow him to grapple with the conditions of the new point of view, Philip had begun to dread most the parting from Helen. That was because the new point of view had shown him, among other things, the nether side of his love for her, and he found it good to look upon tender and self-sacrificing, as such love for such a young woman should be. It was a merciless aggravation of his misery, he told himself, that this knowledge came so late; that he had to look back at Helen from the brink of the grave, as it were, before he could realize what her love was worth and what it would cost to give it up. He cried out against the peculiar hardness of his lot in much bitterness of spirit, saying that his case had no parallel. Wherein he lost sight of the truth, old as the complaint of the man of Uz, that blessings are as but the water for footwashing until the fountains are dried up and the well springs are no more.

Taking all things into consideration, Philip developed more strength of character than he had reason to expect when he went to pay the final visit to the Morrissons. He meant to play the part of the good-natured patient who obeys his physician's orders without prejudice to a firm belief in their unimportance, and this was not particularly difficult in the presence of two elderly people who had known him from infancy. If appearances went for anything, there was certainly little evidence of ill health in the well-knit athletic-looking young man who leaned against the mantel, laughing and talking easily about his approaching departure. He caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror as he talked, and hope almost struggled into life again. It was but a passing moment of exaltation, however, for he knew well enough that it was distance and the shaded light of the chandelier that softened the fine lines of animation and turned the hectic flush into a ruddy glow of health. This was what he told himself in the unwritten language of unthought while outwardly he was listening to Mr. Morrison's questions.

"Have you made up your mind where you will go?"

"Oh, yes; I did that the first thing: Allacoochee, Ala. I should go there if only for the sweet euphony of the name, but there are other and weightier reasons. Just hear them." And he took a newspaper clipping from his pocket and read the advertisement.

"Yes, I've heard of the place," rejoined the elder man; "Brown's been putting a lot of money into it, and he wants me to join him. Let me know what you think of it when you get there."

"With pleasure. I thought it would do as well as any for a point of departure; you know I'm going to live in the woods."

Pleasant Mrs. Morrison smiled, incredulously. "I've been trying to imagine it ever since Helen told us, but I can't," she said; "Why, you've never been out of reach of four hundred and your meaning paper since you were old enough to know the good of either."

Philip winced a little under the criticism. A month earlier, while the armor of indifference was bullet-proof, he would have smiled and said there was time enough to prove all things; but now there was a sting in the pleasant, barbed by the thought that he should never be able to refute this or any other self-reflection upon his shortcomings.

"I deserve that," he said. "I've never been anything but a drone."

"Oh? what's that?" asked Mr. Morrison, looking up from his book. "That's what I've been telling you ever since you left school. You've got your work to do in the world, my boy, just the same as the rest of us. I'm glad you're finding it out before it's too late."

"It is too late," said Philip, quietly, the answer slipping out before discretion could shut the door.

"Nonsense! Why, you've got the better part of your life before you yet."

"Perhaps; but that isn't what I meant. If one does the best he can from the time when he begins to learn the meaning of well-doing, he is only filling the measure of his reason for being; and, granting this, there is no such thing as a statement for years of idleness."

The old lawyer put down his book to applaud the sentiment. "Better yet! at this rate you'll be an enthusiast before you're 30. I've often wondered if the good old hard-working stock of the Thorndykes would run to seed in one generation."

"That's one disadvantage in having had a brilliant father," Philip replied, laughing. "People expect the son to keep up the family prestige, and they lose sight of the fact that one of the commonest results of the father's ability is the accumulation of idleness in his children."

Meanwhile Helen had been making mute little tentative movements toward the door of the adjoining drawing-room, and as Philip continued to ignore them, she left the group and went to the piano in the other room. Philip knew then that the time had come, and joined her before her fingers found their way half through the little melody she was playing. She stopped when he came in, and turned to him with question.

"Is it time yet?"

"Pretty nearly; my train leaves at ten."

"You haven't told me how long you will be away."

"I don't know; I can't tell." He went to the window and stood with his back to her, so that she might not see the hopelessness in his eyes.

It's

She followed him and linked her arm in his. "Philip, you're not telling me the worst of it; you're not telling me!"

She got no answer in words, but the sense of touch told her something of his struggle for self-restraint.

"Why don't you let me go with you?" she pleaded. "Isn't it my right to share your trouble and to help you bear it?"

He stood irresolute for a minute, vainly trying to say something which would be at once affectionate and indefinite; finding it altogether beyond him, he turned abruptly, kissed her, and was gone.

(To be continued.)

Department of Commerce and Labor.—the title is reversed and labor put first whenever an official is talking to a representative of labor, but the new department will have precious little concern with labor. Secretary Cortelyou, who is the head of the department, has the private ear of the President whenever he wants it, but the whole feeling seems to be that the new department will at least go through the motions of publishing the doings of the trusts and thus ally popular prejudice, and, on the other hand, the commercial end of the department is supposed to do all sorts of vague things for the encouragement of American business interest, both at home and abroad. The new department may do good work in its way, but it is safe to say that it will have as little interest for organized labor as the department of foreign affairs.—Ex.

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TOWN TOPICS BY THE TOWN CRIER

Milwaukee marble cutters who have been on strike at the Grant marble works for a year past have won a signal victory, actually getting more than they struck for. The outside men get a nine hour day at the same pay they used to get for a ten hour day. The inside, or building men get an eight hour day, at a \$3 rate. When the strike began the firm was very lofty, treating the demands of the men with contempt. But last week the head of the firm spent two days of his valuable, capitalistic time hunting up Gen. Secy. W. J. Kelly of the international marble cutters association in Chicago in his anxiety to come to terms. The men who stayed at work here will have a good big fine to pay before they can work with the union men. Secy. Kelly will hold an open meeting in Milwaukee tomorrow (Sunday) at 6th and Chestnut streets, at 2 p. m. Good for the marble workers!

To carry out the devilish work of the Illinois Steel Company, which has had its cold capitalist (hasilisk) eyes on the property for years, a posse of 15 deputy sheriffs, backed by eight policemen, went to Jones Island last Saturday to evict Andrew Detlaiff and his family, and destroy their little home. Detlaiff had ignored a notice of ejectment from the court gotten by the steel company and when the posse thronged into his home and ordered him out and he sought to defend himself in his home, he was arrested and handcuffed for "resisting an officer." In the struggle Detlaiff's face was made bloody, and his wife who tried to help him was "struck a blow that brought her to her knees," and she was also handcuffed. The two and their weeping children then stood by, while a gang of men tossed their goods out into the back yard and then with crowbars smashed the house ("the best built residence" on the island) to kindling wood. After the barn had also been demolished, the handcuffs were removed, and the homeless pair was later taken in by friends.

The history of the struggle of the steel company's efforts to get possession of this valuable island is a tragic one. You may sigh over Siberia, over the Armenian and South African atrocities, but what about this one at your very doors, you Milwaukee citizens? Originally the island was little more than a sand bar. The fishermen carried fishes and dirt from the mainland in boats and gradually built it up. The steel company, as it was formerly organized, quietly looked on and kept its plans to itself. It realized the immense future value of the place. Twelve years, back in the '80s, no one paid taxes on the land. Then the steel company began to do so. The islanders never worried themselves about it; they thought they were lucky, and the steel company smiled at their ignorance. Finally, at the time C. S. Otjen was superintendent, his brother Theobald Otjen, now congressman (!) was sent to intimidate the islanders into signing leases to the steel company, and a number of them were caught napping. (And Otjen has "loved the laboring man" in the same way ever since!) When in 1890 the Socialists saw what a devilish game was being played on the fishermen, they advised them to make a tender of their taxes, but the

money was refused by the city, and while, under advice of the Socialists, the islanders put up a hard fight for their property, every year the noose has been drawing tighter, and now it looks as if the steel cormorant would be able to evict almost all the residents. The men will be out not only the sums they paid for court proceedings and their homes, but they will lose an island worth fully a million of dollars, and the steel company will get the property built up by the fishermen, for the mere trouble of being foxy and able to pay big lawyers. Talk of justice! Where is it in this case? The LAW is all on the side of the rascally invader. The steel company prospers, the sanctimonious Otjen sits in congress—and the islanders are shivering in a world strangely cold and unjust. Capitalistic justice—who can have respect for it!

Comrade W. H. Ferber, the former candidate of the Democratic party of Wisconsin for insurance commissioner, but who came out publicly and repudiated capitalism and declared himself a Social Democrat, is having an interesting controversy in the newspapers of his home town of New London with a number of capitalists. From the clippings we have seen he appears to have mopped up the earth with them.

Big Labor Convention in Milwaukee.

The International Association of Machinists Convention which will convene in this city May 4th, will hold its sessions in the South Side Turner Hall. The local committees expect about 350 to 400 delegates and have made preparations to give them a royal welcome. There will be a mass meeting held Sunday, May 3rd,

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at the S. S. Turner Hall, addressed by prominent members of the association. The convention will be called to order at 10 A. M. Monday, May 4th, by F. W. Wilson, representing district No. 10, who will welcome the delegates. The Rev. H. H. Jacobs will invoke the blessing after which our International President, Mr. James O'Connell, will address the convention. On Wednesday evening, May 6th, an entertainment will be given in honor of the delegates at the S. S. Turner Hall, and on Sunday, May 10th, excursions will be run from Chicago, Madison, Beloit, Kenosha, Racine and other surrounding towns. On this date, May 10th, a picnic will be held at Schlitz Park in honor of the delegates and visiting brothers. Addresses by prominent members as well as our officers, hand concerts, dancing in pavilion, will constitute the programme for this day. Queen Lodge No. 3, Ladies Auxiliary of the I. A. of M., will entertain the visiting ladies to the convention during their stay in our city. On Monday, May 4th, in the afternoon, the delegates will be given a trolley-ride around town and visit the breweries and machine shops. F. W. Wilson, Bus. Agt.

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FIRST WARD BRANCH meets every second Tuesday in the month at 8 p. m. at 802 Market street. Richard L. Schmitt 836 North Water street, Secretary.

SECOND WARD BRANCH meets every third Friday of the month, corner Fourth and Chestnut streets. Fritz Koll, 344 Eleventh street, Secretary.

THE FOURTH WARD BRANCH meets each first and third Thursday at 428 Fowler street. B. H. Helming, Jr., Secretary.

FIFTH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at National hall, National avenue and Grove street. Thomas Reynolds, 452 Clinton street, Secretary.

SIXTH WARD BRANCH meets every second Wednesday at 8 a. m., at 304 Fourth street. F. R. Smith, 709 Booth street, Secretary.

SEVENTH WARD BRANCH meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of the month at Gross's hall, 524 East Water street. W. H. Stutz, 303 Broadway, Secretary.

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THE CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE meets every first Monday evening of the month at Kaiser's hall, 298 Fourth street. E. T. Melus, Secretary, 6301 Lapham street; Jacobs Hunger, Treasurer, 602 Chestnut street.

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The first meeting of the Picnic Committee has been held. It made plans which are most interesting. Chairmen of ten or twelve sub-committees were elected as was a treasurer. All the Branches of the Social Democratic Party as well as all the Labor Unions in Wisconsin and the three socialist singing societies of Milwaukee in Wisconsin, 5000 admission tickets were ordered printed and distributed. Efforts are being made to get excursion rates on all railroads. Everything is being done on the largest scale to make this the most memorable demonstration in the history of the Social Democratic Party. Next week we will announce the name of the speaker. Just at present the Committee seeks your co-operation to make the Picnic a rousing success, only by requesting you all to talk Picnic to every one you meet, that Sunday, July 19th, 1903 is the date and Schlitz Park, Milwaukee, the place.

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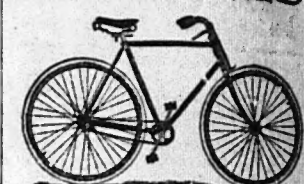
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